

If you want something done right, do it yourself

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by [iamtherealbork](#)

Summary

Derek and Stiles have been trying to have a baby and thanks to Stiles' spark he can carry Derek's children with the consequence of having heats. Unfortunately, Derek has to go out of state during one of Stiles' heats and the alpha asks his uncle to take care of Stiles and Peter is eager to help.

Notes

This is a Secret Santa thing in a server I'm in and I got the lovely [LivviBee](#)! Merry Christmas Livliv! I'm sorry it's so late, I could not write before my winter break because of midterms. I really hope you like this and I'm sorry if you don't 😂 Happy Holidays 🎄🎁🎆

Special Thanks to the one and only [TheOnlyCeeCeeJay](#) for beta'ing this fic.

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

Peter watches his nephew load bags in the back of his Camaro from the porch of the newly-built Hale house. The young alpha needs to head to a conference for alpha werewolves on the west coast in the nearby city and it's quite important that he shows up this time. With the Hale pack still finding its grounds after coming back from the fire, Derek needs to establish new alliances and see if any old ones are willing to renew the ones they made with his sister simply because they still have the name Hale.

Derek slams the trunk shut and heads over to the porch where Peter and a blanket-covered Stiles are waiting. The alpha walks up to Stiles and gives him a soft kiss, bidding goodbye to the sleepy spark.

"Bye, babe," Derek says in a voice Peter never thought he'd hear after the fire. A voice filled with genuine love.

"Why'd you have to leave when it's still dark out, Der..." Stiles whines, wrapping his blanket around Derek and hiding his face in the crook of his shoulder. Derek just laughs and kisses the side of Stiles' head.

"I have to if I want to make it on time." His answer doesn't seem to appease Stiles, judging from the way he's still pouting.

"You would have if you left yesterday," Stiles throws back, voice muffled by Derek's shirt.

"And who's fault is that," Derek says with a smirk, causing Peter to chuckle.

"I didn't know it was going to come early, okay!" Stiles blushes.

Peter was shocked to find out that the two wanted to have children. He honestly thought that the mated pair just couldn't keep their hands off of each other, but the more he thought about it, the happier he became. The image of little Hale children running around the preserve filled him with a sense of warmth. Peter wasn't even aware that Stiles was able to *carry* children. The two apparently consulted Deaton and just got vague answers, as always. It wasn't until

Stiles did his own research that they found out that his spark really was powerful. Powerful enough to grant him a uterus with a spell but instead of ovulating, the young man got heats and the picture of a pregnant Stiles filled Peter with a different kind of warmth.

Peter has never been shy about his attraction to Stiles. Hell, the first time Peter met Stiles he already knew how perfect those lips would've looked around his dick, and he was still mentally unstable. Seeing Stiles' jaw drop as he realized Peter was the alpha and then drop to his knees right after thrilled Peter to no extent. When Peter kidnapped Stiles and the two of them were alone in that parking lot looking for Scott, it took everything in Peter's power to not push the teen up against the car and knot him right then and there. Every now and then, he wondered why he didn't, seeing as Stiles wouldn't have been against the idea. When Peter had Stiles' wrist under his fangs, Peter could smell a multitude of emotions in the boy's scent. Fear, curiosity, but most of all *arousal*. The boy, for some reason, found a deranged alpha holding him hostage hot, and it just made Peter want the boy more.

But between coming back from the dead and the clusterfuck that is Beacon Hills, Peter never got the chance to court the spark, and instead, Derek started courting Stiles. And after Stiles left the FBI to become a PI for the supernatural world, Derek proposed to Stiles. Peter is genuinely happy for Stiles. While Peter is very much attracted to the pale man, he knows he wouldn't have been able to give Stiles the things he wants in a relationship. Derek and Stiles are meant for each other, and he's glad for them. Doesn't mean that Peter can't imagine a lithe pale body riding him every now and then.

Peter snaps back to the present when the front door closes and he notices Stiles has already gone back inside. Looking at his nephew, Derek just smiles and shrugs in a "what can you do" way.

"He got cold," Derek explains.

"Ah. Humans," Peter smirks, making Derek laugh slightly. They stand there in awkward silence for a few seconds before Derek speaks up again.

"Listen, I'm sure you're aware of Stiles'... condition at the moment," Derek starts off.

"Aware? Dear nephew, I'm pretty sure the entire preserve heard him begging for your knot last night," Peter snorts, making Derek blush.

“Peter... Just, take care of him, okay?” Derek asks.

“Of course. He is, after all, my nephew-in-law,” Peter says. “I’ll give him whatever he needs.”

Derek nods. “Thanks just, don’t go too rough on him.”

Peter just waves him off. “You better get a move on, soon. Sun’s about to come up.”

Derek turns around and sees that Peter is right. “Right, thanks, Uncle Peter.”

Peter watches Derek make his way down the steps and into his car. The engine revs up loudly and he drives off, leaving Peter and a spark in heat alone for a few days. Perfect.

Peter goes back inside and locks the door behind him. He takes a deep breath and smells his own scent along with Derek’s, as well as Stiles’, more specifically, Stiles’ arousal. Peter heads to the kitchen and starts looking for Stiles’ emergency heat supplies; protein bars, bottles of water and Gatorade, ice packs, towels, and lube. Lots of lube. Putting them all in a bag, he shrugs it on his shoulder and starts making his way upstairs. He stops by his bedroom first and digs through his hamper for a piece of clothing that has his scent the most. He comes up with the pair of boxers he took off last night before going to sleep. Walking over to his bed, he picks up a pillow and stuffs his used underwear inside the pillowcase.

Peter walks down the hall to the master bedroom where Derek and Stiles sleep. The closer he gets to the door, the stronger the heady scent gets. Peter is just itching to barge in there and take the boy but it would ruin his plan. He stops in front of the closed door and takes in one large breath before slowly opening the door.

“Stiles...” Peter walks inside the room. Rays of sun shine through the window, bathing a lithe figure on the dark sheets of the bed, making Stiles’ pale skin look as if it’s glowing.

Stiles is on his knees, face pressed against a pillow Peter can only assume belongs to his nephew. Stiles' back is arched and completely drenched in sweat. His arm is reaching around his body to his asshole that's leaking a slick-like substance, fingering himself with three fingers while his other arm moves up and down his erection, frantically trying to find release.

"Alpha..." Stiles whines, the sound slowly filling up Peter's erection. Peter walks up to the side of the bed, putting himself in Stiles' line of sight. Up close, Peter can see how Stiles' hair is matted down due to sweat and his eyes scrunched closed in frustration. Those rosy pink lips open, panting.

"Stiles, it's me," Peter says softly, resting his hand on the side of Stiles' face. Stiles leans into his hand, skin warm to the touch. Opening his eyes, Peter can see how Stiles' pupils are completely dilated, those warm brown rings stretched thinner.

"P'ter?" Stiles says, his arms still moving as he touches himself with no shame.

"I have to admit, I've thought of you moaning my voice multiple times but nothing beats the real deal," Peter jests, causing Stiles to roll his eyes. "Oh, I'm glad you're still coherent enough to roll your eyes at me, even with your hand shoved up your ass."

"F'ck you, Peter," Stiles slurs out, his hands still not stopping.

"My pleasure," Peter smiles at Stiles.

"What are you doing here?" Stiles asks, just ignoring his last comment.

Peter calmly sets up the items he brought on the bedside table, placing the bottles and protein bars in an accessible place. If things go according to plan, Peter's not going to have time to dig through the bag. He leaves the lube and underwear in the bag for now, though.

"I'm here to help you, per my nephews request," Peter innocently says, lifting Stiles' head and placing his pillow under him. Stiles pulls his head away and avoids eye contact with the

werewolf by planting his face in the pillow, breathing in deep.

“I can take care of myself,” Stiles says, voice muffled against the pillow as he slowly starts inhaling Peter’s scent instead of Derek’s. Peter grins widely as Stiles is definitely breathing his concentrated scent from the underwear and pillow.

“Fine, so I guess you won’t mind if I just stay here with you. To make sure you’re okay, of course,” Peter says, getting on the bed himself. He sits next to Stiles with his back propped up against the headboard and his legs stretched out. Seeing Stiles’ naked body next to Peter’s clothed body sends a thrill through Peter, his erection twitching against his sweatpants at the thought.

“Do whatever you want,” Stiles puffs out.

For the next few minutes Peter pretends to scroll through his phone, subtly staring at Stiles as he writhes around on the bed, whining as he doesn’t seem to be able to make himself come. Peter adjusts his hard dick, attempting to hide it from Stiles for now. After what must be Stiles turning for the tenth time, Peter lets out a sigh.

“Fuck... you...” Stiles pants.

“Gladly,” Peter says, making Stiles groan. “My offer still stands.”

“In what world would I want to fuck you,” Stiles throws back, his words lacking their usual heat.

“Why don’t we make it *this* world.” Putting down his phone, Peter reaches to his side and runs his hand along Stiles’ chest, the rough calluses brushing against the man’s sensitive nipples.

“Fuck,” Stiles breathes out.

“Do you seriously want me to believe that you don’t want my cock inside you? To ride my knot till you’re dry?” Peter says, hand running down his abdomen but not touching Stiles’ erection.

“...N-no...” Stiles throws his hand back against his pillow, the fingers in his ass stopping.

Peter clicks his tongue.

“You should know by now, Stiles. It’s impossible to lie to a werewolf. Don’t you remember our first date?” Peter grabs the hand on Stiles’ dick and pulls it to his face, hovering it in front of his mouth, a mirror of that night in the parking lot. Peter takes a deep breath and lets out a low groan. Stiles’ hand is coated with his precum and he smells delicious. He opens his mouth and lets his fangs pop out, running them along the inside of Stiles wrist.

Turning to look at Stiles, Peter sees his eyes unfocused, completely hazy. It’s as if he’s not looking at Peter but instead looking in the direction where the scent he’s been breathing in the entire time is the strongest. He lets go of Stiles’ arm as the spark gets up on all fours and crawls over to Peter. His face is inches away from Peter’s crotch and Peter holds Stiles’ chin with one hand, tilting his head up to look at him.

“Come on, Stiles. Tell me what you want,” Peter says, voice intentionally deep to appeal to the animalistic part of Stiles’ heat. He runs his thumb along Stiles’ bottom lip.

“I... I want your dick,” Stiles says, voice breathy as if saying it required more brain power than he has available.

Peter lets go of Stiles and leans back against the headboard. “Then take it.”

Stiles looks down at Peter’s cock tenting his sweatpants. His hands slowly reach up and grab the hem of the elastic before dragging them down. Peter’s cock springs free as Stiles keeps pulling them down, tugging them until they rest under his balls. After many relationships and one night stands, Peter knows his dick is not bad. While the length might be average, even slightly above average, he knows his girth is what makes all his partners scream his name,

and judging from the look Stiles is giving his dick, the spark will be one of many to join that list.

Stiles leans down and runs his face down Peter's cock, taking in the scent that he's been conditioned to yearn for as he buries his nose in Peter's well-kept bush. Stiles lets out a moan and goes back up until the uncut tip is resting on his lip. Reaching up, Stiles pulls down to reveal the head, glistening with precum. Stiles takes a few licks at the sensitive head, causing Peter to groan before enveloping the tip with his mouth. He lets out a moan around the head as a flavor of pure *Peter* bursts across his tongue, and sucks. Slowly bobbing his head, Stiles takes in more, bit by bit, as his mouth stretches around Peter. Deciding he has waited long enough, Peter grabs Stiles by the hair and pushes Stiles all the way down to the root, burying his nose in his pubes like before.

"Fuck, I knew that you'd be amazing at this," Peter moans as he looks at Stiles looking up at him with teary eyes. Peter pulls Stiles off his dick, giving him a chance to breathe. Stiles tries to suck Peter back into his mouth but the wolf tugs his hair, preventing him.

"Please, Peter. I need-" Stiles whines, hand desperately tugging at his own cock.

"I know what you need. Your alpha left me in charge so while he's gone, I'm your alpha, understand?" Peter grabs Stiles' face with his other hand, making eye contact.

"Yes, alpha," Stiles responds instantly.

"Good boy. Now, open your mouth so I can fuck it," Peter growls, positioning Stiles' head above Peter's dick. Once Stiles' mouth is open, Peter starts pulling Stiles up and down, listening to Stiles' gags.

"Fuck!" Peter moans, closing his eyes. "Is this how Derek shut you up? God, you were fucking made for taking cock. No wonder Derek couldn't keep his hands off you." Peter starts pistoning his hips into the wet heat of Stiles' mouth, chasing his own pleasure. He opens his eyes to see Stiles thrusting into his own fist. Growling, Peter pulls Stiles away from his dick to stop the spark's hand. "You will come from me and me alone, got that?" Stiles swallows and nods his head frantically.

“Yes, alpha,” Stiles apologizes.

“Good. Now, get on your back.” Peter taps Stiles’ cheek before letting him go. Stiles scurries to the middle of the bed and lies on his back. Peter smiles as he gets up and takes off his sweatpants all the way as well as his shirt. Standing there completely naked, he looks at Stiles taking in his body, making the wolf preen at being leered at by the young man.

“You have no idea how long I’ve waited to do this.” Peter crawls up the bed, situating himself between Stiles’ spread legs.

He leans down and leaves kisses and bites along Stiles’ neck. He leaves his own mark right next to Derek’s mating scar. Curious, Peter leans down and licks the mark left by his nephew and Stiles’ reaction is immediate.

“Fuck!” Stiles’ back arches as his orgasm is ripped out of him, his cum spraying over his torso as well as Peter’s.

“I have to say, you’re the first person I’ve made come just by licking their neck,” Peter muses. Stiles slaps Peter’s head weakly.

“You know exactly what you did, asshole.” Stiles is out of breath, his chest heaving up and down as he takes in deep breaths. Peter pulls back and sees Stiles glaring at him.

“I’m flattered you think I’m all-knowing but alas, I’m merely a werewolf,” Peter grins down at Stiles as Stiles rolls his eyes again. Peter goes back in to suck the mating scar into his mouth and he feels Stiles’ body go lax and pliant.

“Dude, stop that...” Peter follows Stiles’ protest and stops sucking and instead biting at the scar. “God...”

Running his hands up and down Stiles’ body, Peter feels goosebumps raise on Stiles’ skin before his hands land on Stiles’ chest. He takes one nipple in each hand and plays with them. Stiles moans, tilting his head back giving Peter more access to the milky skin. Peter lets go of

the scar and starts trailing kisses down his collarbone. He reaches Stiles' left nipple and puts it in his mouth. Cursing, Stiles places his hand in Peter's hair and holds on as he's subjected to Peter's tongue and teeth playing with the nub. By the time Peter takes the other nipple in his mouth, Stiles is already hard again and his ass is producing just as much slick as before. He blows Stiles' wet nipples, the cold air causing Stiles to tug on his hair even harder.

Peter reaches down to hold his dick, pressing it against Stiles' hole but not quite entering. Peter pushes until it feels like the head is about to slip in and pulls out just before it does. He does this a few times, teasing Stiles until tears fall down Stiles' face.

"Stop teasing me, please," Stiles begs, head lying on the pillow, frustrated at being so close but so far.

"Tell me what you want, my boy, and I'll give it to you," Peter growls. Peter can see the smallest bit of non-heat Stiles in his eyes as all that can be heard in the room are the heavy breathing coming from the two naked men. Deciding to fan the flames even more, Peter leans down to kiss Stiles. The kiss is messy and pure lust, tongue and bites everywhere. When he pulls back, Peter can see that small bit of coherency is completely gone and all that's left is *heat*.

"Please knot me, alpha."

With that, all hell breaks loose. Peter shoves right inside Stiles, not worried about tearing Stiles (or maybe he simply doesn't care). Stiles' mouth is open in a silent scream as Peter stretches Stiles' asshole. The young man doesn't have time to get used to the stretch as Peter pulls back and slams right back into Stiles. Peter sets a brutal pace, not giving Stiles a break. Deciding to no longer hold his shift back, Peter shifts into his beta-shift, his eyes shining electric blue into Stiles' warm brown ones.

"PETER!" Stiles screams. His arms and legs wrap around Peter's body, keeping him close as his hands drag down Peter's back in pure ecstasy. The sting of Stiles' nails just adds to Peter's pleasure as he slams into Stiles' tight heat. With the way Stiles is clinging onto Peter, the beta leans down so his face is right next to Stiles' ear

"God, Stiles you feel so fucking good. You have no idea how long I've been wanting to fuck this tight ass of yours. Did you know that the walls aren't soundproofed? That I've been

hearing Derek fuck your ass and fill you with cum for the past few months, trying to pass on the Hale name.” At that confession, Stiles’ hole clenches around Peter’s width.

“Oh, you like that, don’t you? Knowing that I can hear you gag for my nephew’s knot every night. It’s a wonder that he hasn’t knocked you up yet. Maybe you needed me to come and fuck your ass. Is that it? You want your mate’s uncle to knot you and fill you with *my* pups? To know that you’re carrying my children instead of your mate’s?” Peter’s hips start getting faster as he’s nearing his orgasm. His knot is starting to grow as it catches onto Stiles’ rim every time he pulls out.

“Please! Peter, alpha! Knot me!” Stiles screams, and with that, Peter lets out a growl as he shoves his knot inside of the boy and fills him up with his cum. The constant pressure against his prostate from Peter’s knot causes Stiles to come for the second time that day. Peter looks down and sees Stiles’ abdomen slightly distended from the cum that Peter is shooting into his womb.

Sighing, Peter flips them so the wolf is lying on his back and Stiles is resting on top of Peter. Peter looks at Stiles’ face and sees him smiling in content, and he snorts. Reaching to the side, Peter grabs a bottle of water and a protein bar. He opens that water bottle and makes Stiles drink some of it. When it seems like he can’t drink anymore for now, he takes a sip for himself and closes it. He tears open the protein bar and feeds it to Stiles, only stopping when Stiles finishes the whole thing. They lay there in silence, waiting for Peter’s knot to go down but like always, the silence is broken by Stiles.

“How mad do you think Derek will be at us?” Stiles asked, finger drawing a random pattern on Peter’s chest.

Peter just shrugs at the question. “He can’t be that mad. Derek’s the one who asked me to take care of you.”

End Notes

And they kept fucking for the rest of Stiles' heat. Hell, maybe Derek came back and they all fucked each other i dont know.

also i made it so it isn't clear whether or not Derek meant for Peter to fuck Stiles when he said "take care of him" that way everyone can enjoy it. *you get the best of both worlds*

I really hoped you enjoyed it Livvi! Sorry again that it was so late.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!